

Michael With The Orange Hair

he played a game of hide
& seek

took me five minutes to find
him

he was behind a huge pepper tree
counting the moons
on his fingers

one-two-three on michael
I yelled

he caught fire
while he was imagining the sun

it was the last I saw of
him

I Don't Pay Much Attention
To That Sort Of Thing, Darling

D'Merzunii Saint Gâla
is my first, last & eternal love;
he leads me astray
into wild fields
& makes me lie down
with him;
surely lust & desire
will be after me
all of the hours of my life,
& Hank & Bill & James
& Claude
forever & ever.